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SILENT HILL: DYING INSIDE #2

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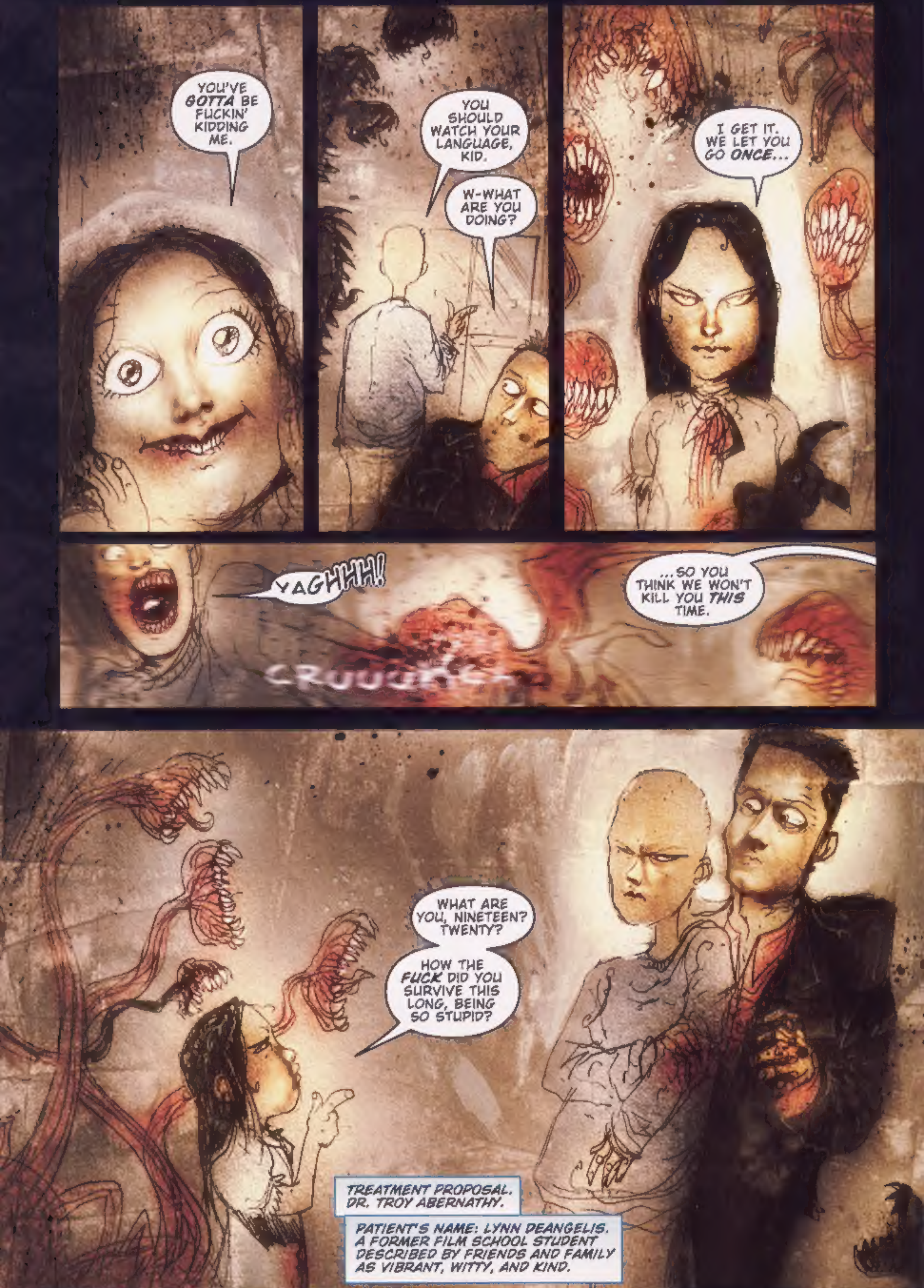
I'M WALKING OUT OF HERE.


YOU'VE GOTTA BE FUCKIN' KIDDING ME.
YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, KID.
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I GET IT. WE LET YOU GO ONCE...
YAGHHH!
...SO YOU THINK WE WON'T KILL YOU THIS TIME.
WHAT ARE YOU, NINETEEN? TWENTY?
HOW THE FUCK DID YOU SURVIVE THIS LONG, BEING SO STUPID?
TREATMENT PROPOSAL. DR. TROY ABERNATHY.
PATIENT'S NAME: LYNN DEANGELIS. A FORMER FILM SCHOOL STUDENT DESCRIBED BY FRIENDS AND FAMILY AS VIBRANT, WITTY, AND KIND.

AGGHHH
WE LET YOU TAKE FOOTAGE OF THIS PLACE. WE LET YOU GO SO YOU'D BRING OTHERS HERE.
AND THIS PIECE OF SHIT'S THE BEST YOU CAN COME UP WITH?
LYNN WAS ADMITTED FOR LONG-TERM PSYCHIATRIC CARE AFTER A SUICIDE ATTEMPT. DIAGNOSED POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER AND PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIA.
WHAT HAPPENED TO WHAT YOU SHOT, LYNN? IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALL OVER THE INTERNET BY NOW.
I HAD VERY SPECIFIC PLANS FOR IT.
...
I DON'T KNOW.
STOLEN. TAKEN. THE HOSPITAL. SOMEONE MUST HAVE—
YOU'RE NOT MAKING THIS WORTH OUR TIME.
KILL HER.
PATIENT'S MENTAL DETERIORATION AND SUBSEQUENT DELUSIONS STEM FROM TRAUMATIC EVENT SUFFERED IN DESERTED TOWN SILENT HILL.
PARTICULARS OF EVENT, WHICH TOOK PLACE MONTHS BEFORE WRIST SLASHING, ARE UNKNOWN.
NOT SO FAST.

PATIENT HAS FAILED TO RESPOND TO ALL KNOWN METHODS OF TREATMENT, INCLUDING DRUG THERAPY.
SPLK
YAHHH

[BOOM BOOM BOOM]
SHIT.

YOU... YOU WERE IN MY DREAM...
PATIENT FANTASIZES OF "SHINING KNIGHT" SAVIOR FIGURE. MISTAKENLY CASTS ME IN THAT ROLE. SHE MUST LEARN TO SAVE HERSELF.

B-BRETT?
CAN'T BE YOU...

HERE. DON'T SAY I NEVER GOT YOU NOTHIN'.
CAN'T BE REAL. NO. B-BRETT?
FUCKER! GIMME THAT.
RECOMMENDATION: DOCTOR ASSUMES TEMPORARY CUSTODY OF PATIENT. TRANSPORTS PATIENT TO SILENT HILL...
...ALLOWING PATIENT TO REVISIT SCENE OF TRAUMATIC INCIDENT AND CONFRONT FACT THAT DEMONS, MONSTERS, AND SPIRITS HAUNTING HER ARE NOT REAL.
SPLA-BOOTLE

SPOOOOOOTCH
OH. TERRIFIC. NOW MY HAIR'S ON FIRE. THANK YOU **SO** MUCH.
*IT IS HOPED WITH THE DECONSTRUCTION OF DEFENSIVE MECHANISMS, PATIENT WILL REVEAL **TRUTH** BEHIND TRAUMATIC EVENT AND EFFECTIVE THERAPY CAN BEGIN.*
GET ON YOUR FEET!
GET ON YOUR FUCKING FEET!
BRETT? ***WHY...***
I DON'T GET YOU, BUDDY. WE'RE FRIENDS. THIS IS WHAT FRIENDS DO. ***HELP*** EACH OTHER.

DON'T WORRY, BUDDY, I'VE GOT YOUR BACK...
WHY ARE YOU HIDING ALESSA?
Blam Blam
Blam
HUH. NONE OF THEM ARE FOLLOWIN' US OUT.
MAYBE THEY'RE TENDIN' TO THE LITTLE ONE. THAT WAS SOME RIGHT FINE SHOOTIN' YOU DID THERE, I'LL SAY THAT MUCH.
NO. OH, NO.
BRETT?
I DON'T GET WHY YOU AIN'T HAPPY TO SEE ME, TROY. I SAID I GOT YOUR BACK...
...JUST LIKE YOU GOT MINE.
OH, NO, OH, NO...

SHIT, WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? I'M BRETT. ME AND TROY GO WAY BACK.
FUCKIN' LEAVE HER ALONE! DON'T GO NEAR HER!
OWWWW!
AMMO! GRAB THE AMMO, TOO!
WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?
AW, DON'T BE LIKE THAT...

"...WE'RE NOT DONE YET."
LEVIN ST
D-DOCTOR..
CALL ME TROY.
TROY.
WHO WAS THAT?
SHHH...
GOTTA FIND A WAY OUT... A CAR OR TRUCK, BICYCLE, ANYTHING.
FUCKIN' ANSWER ME! WHO WAS THAT?
MY WIFE'S FIRST HUSBAND. HE... DID THINGS TO HER
HE WAS DEAD. BUT IF HE WAS ONE OF THEM, WHY WAS HE HELPING US?
I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS.
KNOWS WHAT?
A LOT OF THINGS LIKE BEING DEAD. I THINK THAT'S ESCAPED HIM AND—

FUCK.
IN HERE! IN HERE!

WHY'D YOU BRING ME BACK HERE? I WARNED YOU ABOUT SILENT HILL. I TOLD YOU.
YOU FUCKING SON OF A BITCH, WHY?
...TO HELP YOU...
HE WANTS TO HELP... THAT'S SO SWEET.. ISN'T HE JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY WIFE PROUD?
JULIANNA...
YOU KNOW, CLOTHES SHOPPING IS STILL A BITCH, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.
BUT ENOUGH ABOUT MY PROBLEMS... POOR TROY, ALWAYS WANTING TO HELP... FEELING GUILTY OVER LIVING THE GOOD LIFE AFTER LITTLE WIFEY WAS DEAD AND ROTTING IN THE GROUND

MR. SELF-HELP GURU... TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR LIFE, RIGHT?
ALL THE DRUGS AND MONEY AND WOMEN AND EVERYONE TREATING YOU LIKE A GOD JUST NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?
OH, JESUS... NO...
WHAT DO YOU WANT, TROY?
DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU IT'S OKAY? IT'S ALL RIGHT?
IT'S OKAY
IT'S ALL RIGHT.
OH, HONEY, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I COULD JUST FUCKIN' DIE
NO WAIT, DID THAT.
YOUR TURN.

OH, GOD, HONEY... WHY'D YOU DO IT? WHY'D YOU KILL YOURSELF?
THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OUT. BACK DOOR.
HEY, WHAT WAS ALL THAT WITH BRETT BEFORE, ANYWAY? WAS THAT THING WITH HIS HEAD BOTHERING YOU, SWEETIE?
BABY, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A SURGEON OR WHATEVER, BUT THAT WAS SOME OF YOUR FINEST WORK.
A LITTLE COWARDLY, SURE, THE WAY YOU WAITED IN THE BUSHES AND BASHED HIS HEAD IN FROM BEHIND, BUT THE END RESULT WAS TOP FLIGHT.
LET'S GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

YOU... YOU KILLED A MAN? BRETT, THAT GUY BRETT, YOU KILLED—
HE WASN'T A MAN. HE WAS A MONSTER. COME ON!
NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH YOU.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
NO. NO, I DIDN'T MEAN TO—
THAT'S WHY SHE KILLED HERSELF. SHE FOUND OUT WHAT YOU DID. SHE REALIZED YOU AND THAT PIECE OF SHIT BRETT WERE THE SAME.
FUCKIN' A, I'M NOT LISTENING TO THIS—

SHIT!
Blam Blam Blam Blam
THIS... THIS PLACE. IT'S FEEDING ON WHAT'S INSIDE OF US
WHAT'S NSIDE OF YOU.
THERE'S A BRIDGE! A WAY OUT!

NO...
I GUESS I HAVE TO GIVE YOU SOME CREDIT, DOC. THIS ONE ACTUALLY TOOK ME BY SURPRISE AND GOT AWAY FROM ME FOR A WHILE. I USUALLY HAVE A BETTER HOLD ON MANIFESTATIONS.
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT AS RAIN AND SWEET AS MOONPIES NOW.

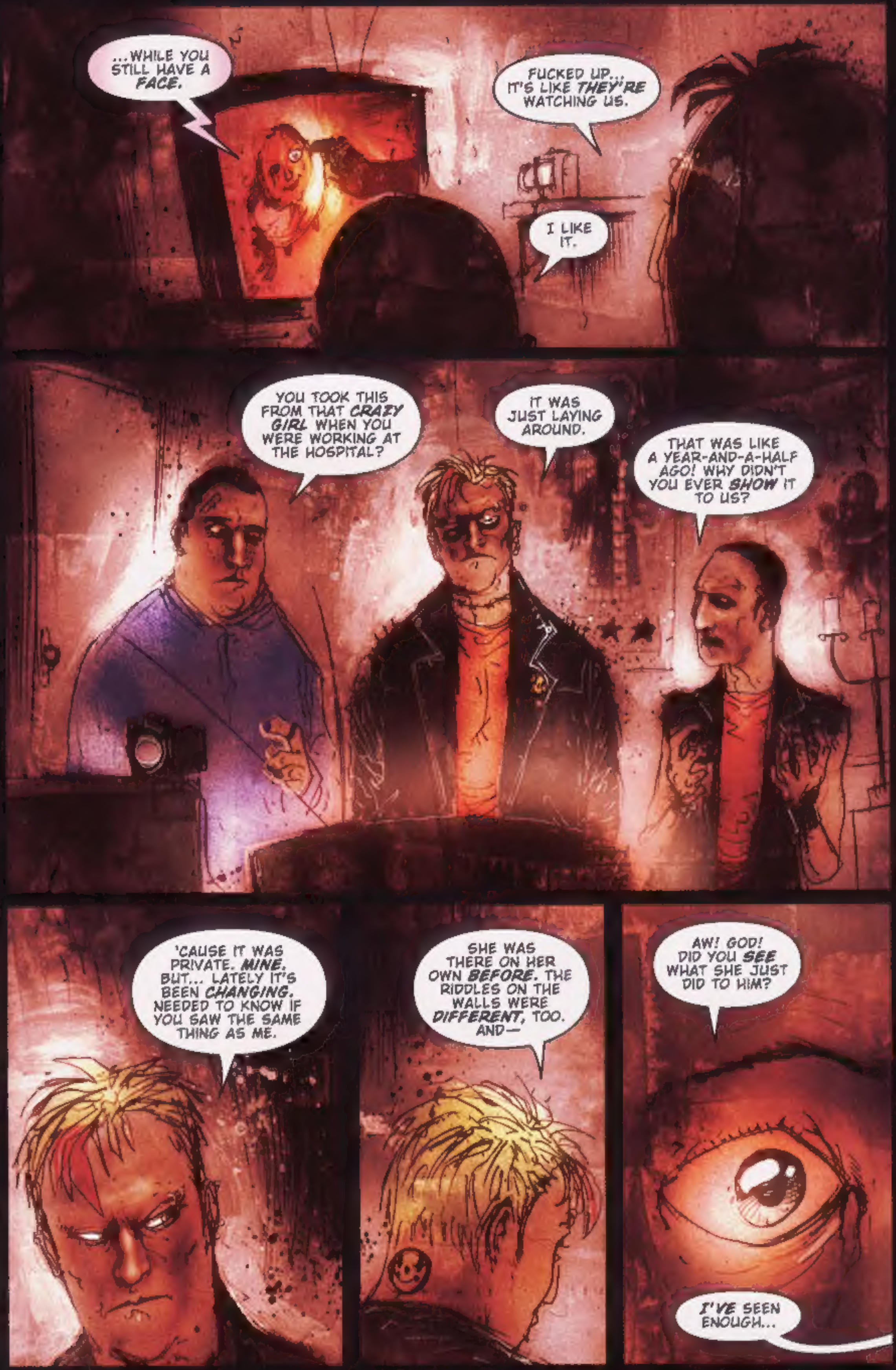
TROY... YOU BASTARD.
GONNA EAT YOU ALIVE... REAL SLOW.
THERE YOU GO. CAN IT BE ANY SWEETER?
TROY, DO SOMETHING!
WHAT... WHY...
COME ON. YOU CAN'T BE THIS STUPID.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU GOT THOSE THINGS?
TROY, LISTEN TO ME. BRETT AND JULIANNA, THEY WERE INSIDE YOU.
I...
YOU'VE GOT POWER IN THIS PLACE. FOR CHRISSAKE, USE IT!

YOU HAVE A NASTY MOUTH. TIME TO SHUT IT, I'M THINKING.
BRETT... STUFF IT WITH SOMETHING
OOH, A TONGUE LASHING. THE LEAST OF WHAT YOU DESERVE, DOC.
GUHHH-NOOOO!
WAIT!
TAKE ME.
YEAH. ABOUT THAT...
WE'VE ALREADY GOT YOU, FUCKER.
YOU CAN KILL ME, BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE ME. NOT BODY AND SOUL

TROY... DON'T.
COME ON, YOU LITTLE *BITCH*. I'VE GOT BLOOD ON MY HANDS AND THE NIGHTMARES OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE I'VE TREATED IN MY HEAD. IT'S SH T I *KNOW* YOU'D LIKE TO GET YOUR HANDS ON.
I CAN *FEEL* HOW MUCH YOU WANT IT TAKE ME AND LET HER GO.
GUGHH
OKEY-DOKE
WHAT ARE YOU *WAITING* FOR, STUPID? A DEAL'S A DEAL.
BUT TROY... AND THE *BRIDGE*... IT'S NOT FINISHED. IT DOESN'T GO—
THE DOC MADE HIS *CHOICE*. NOW YOU KEEP WALKING...

"...YOU'LL GET TO WHERE YOU WANT TO GO."
NEED A RIDE? WHERE ARE YOU HEADING?
AS FAR AWAY FROM *HERE* AS I CAN GET.
HOP IN.

HEY, DOC. I'M FEELING ALL TINGLY IN BAD PLACES. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S ALL ABOUT?
I DO.
GUHHH...
SOMEONE'S WATCHING.
SMILE FOR THE CAMERA, ASSHOLE...


...WHILE YOU STILL HAVE A FACE.
FUCKED UP... IT'S LIKE THEY'RE WATCHING US.
I LIKE IT.
YOU TOOK THIS FROM THAT CRAZY GIRL WHEN YOU WERE WORKING AT THE HOSPITAL?
IT WAS JUST LAYING AROUND.
THAT WAS LIKE A YEAR-AND-A-HALF AGO! WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER SHOW IT TO US?
'CAUSE IT WAS PRIVATE. MINE. BUT... LATELY IT'S BEEN CHANGING. NEEDED TO KNOW IF YOU SAW THE SAME THING AS ME.
SHE WAS THERE ON HER OWN BEFORE. THE RIDDLES ON THE WALLS WERE DIFFERENT, TOO. AND—
AW! GOD! DID YOU SEE WHAT SHE JUST DID TO HIM?
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH...

CURE
...AND I SAY PACK YOUR BAGS, PEOPLE.
WE'RE *GOING* TO SILENT HILL.
TO BE CONTINUED.